

SEPT

SEPTEMBER

CATMAN

COMICS

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PERSTADT



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



THE CAT MAN

and

THE KITTEN

BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN







DASHING OUT INTO THE HALL, THE CATMAN AND THE KITTEN ARE NONPLussed-- THE BOY IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT--



THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, YOU LEND YOUR MONEY!





THERE'S A GLASSFUL RIGHT HERE ON THE DRESSER



UH-UH-UH!
BLUB-HEY!



NOW - MY PISTOL PACKIN' INFANT-- START TALKING!

OH, IT'S YOU! SO THAT'S HOW YOU CAUGHT ME--YA HIT FROM BEHIND!



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, BUB, BUT SHE CAUGHT YOU, I WAS OUT IN THE HALL!

Y-YOU MEAN SHE KNOCKED ME COLD? - WITH WHAT?

WITH THIS, CHUM, - WANT ME TO DO IT AGAIN!



N-NO--NEVER MIND-- I BELIEVE YA, BUT GEE, YOU! A GOIL-- WID SUCH A SOCK? PHEW!

ALL RIGHT! GET UP, NOW! WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS, AND WHY DID YOU LOSE YOUR NERVE AND RUN AWAY!



I DIDN'T LOSE ME NERVE! BUT WHEN I SEEN YOU WAS A SOLDIER I JUST COULDN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! I GOT A BIG BRUDDER IN DE ARMY--AND I AIN'T STICKIN' UP NO SOLDIERS!



THAT'S VERY CONSIDERATE OF YOU--BUT, COME ON-- WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS?

NOBODY! IT'S ME OWN IDEA!



YOU'RE LYING--BECAUSE A KID YOUR AGE WOULD NEVER THINK OF WORKING HOTELS AND USING A SILENCER-EQUIPPED WEAPON! C'MON! WHO'S YOUR BOSS?

I WON'T TELL YOUSE NUTTIN' I AIN'T SQUEALIN'--I AIN'T NO RAT!

DO YOUR PART FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT!

LOOK, SONNY BOY, DIDN'T IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU, THAT YOU RISK YOUR LIFE AND LIBERTY EVERY TIME YOU GO OUT ON A JOB LIKE THIS?



SO WHAT? YOU'RE A SOLDIER-- YOU RISK YOUR LIFE AND LIBERTY TOO, DON'T YA?

YES, BUT THE MEN WHO GIVE ME MY ORDERS ARE RIGHT OUT THERE WITH ME--THEY RISK THEIR LIVES TOO--BUT NOT YOUR BOSS! HE SITS BACK AND WAITS--IF YOU'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO RETURN, HE TAKES THE LION'S SHARE OF WHAT YOU STEAL, AND SENDS YOU ON ANOTHER JOB--



GEE--I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT LIKE DAT!

NO, YOU COULDN'T BE A RAT, BUB, BECAUSE YOU'RE A SUCKER-- IT'S YOUR BOSS WHO TRAFFICS IN THE GULLIBILITY OF YOUTH! HE'S A REAL RAT!



YER RIGHT-- HE IS A RAT-- MAKIN' SUCKERS OUTTA US!



DID YOU SAY, US?

YEAH, US! DERE'S EIGHT KIDS LIKE ME WOIKIN' FOR HIM-- WE USED TO BE NEWSBOYS, AND SO WAS DE BOSS, 'TIL HE HAD A "RUN-IN" WID DE COPS!

--DEN HE COME LOOKIN' FOR US, AN' TOLD US WE WERE SAPS PEDDLIN' PAPERS, AND WE'D BE ROLLIN' IN DOUGH IF WE WOIKED FER HIM!



--SO YOU FELL FOR HIS LINE-- AND HERE YOU ARE! NOW WHO IS HE, AND WHERE CAN I FIND HIM?



HE'S TONY BERKO, AN' DE HANGOUT IS AT NO. 20 HARRON ST.-- NOW I GUESS IT'S DE CAN FOR ME!



NO, BUB, I'M GOING TO LET YOU GO, YOU'RE NOT A BAD KID; JUST MISLED, THAT'S ALL! BUT BEFORE YOUR BOSS HAS VISITORS I WANT YOU TO DO ME A FAVOR--

GEE! THANKS! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

TELL THE OTHER BOYS WHAT I TOLD YOU AND WARN THEM TO STAY AWAY OR THEY MAY GET HURT! NOW GET GOIN'!



OKAY I'LL DO IT! --WAIT! IF YOU'RE GOIN' TO RAID DE JOINT YERSELF, LOOK OUT FER BIG LOUIS AND GUS, DEY'RE TOUGH! TWO RAPS IS DE SIGNAL TO GET IN! SO LONG!

SO LONG, KID!

CATMAN COMICS





The Deacon

and MICKEY



SUICIDE CLUB! SINCE THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES, THE NAME HAS HELD A TERRIBLE AND SECRET MEANING, WHICH COULD ONLY BE DECIPHERED BY DEATH! FOLLOW THE **DEACON AND MICKEY** ON A TRAIL OF BIZARRE PERIL AND GRIPPING MYSTERY WHEN THEY ENCOUNTER THE MAN WHO CONTROLLED THE SUICIDE CLUB,

"THE MAN WHO WAS DEATH"

ARCHING ITS BACK ACROSS THE RIVER, A GIANT BRIDGE STANDS LIKE A SNARLING BLACK CAT-- WHILE A TINY FIGURE MOUNTS THE STEEP AND NARROW GIRDERS--



STARTLED EYES WATCH THE PERILOUS ASCENT--

DEACON!
HE'S GOING TO
JUMP!

HE MUST BE
MAD!



THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, YOU LEND YOUR MONEY!

DEACON! DON'T GO
AFTER HIM! YOU'LL
BE KILLED!

HE'S ALMOST AT THE
TOP! I CAN'T REACH
HIM IN TIME!

A SHRILL SCREAM--AND A MAN
CATAPULTS OUT INTO SPACE--

HERE
HE COMES!

IF I COULD ONLY CATCH
HIM AS HE GOES BY!

A HURTLING BODY SLAMS INTO THE DEACON'S OUT-STRETCHED
ARM WITH A WRENCHING FORCE--

OOF! I'VE
GOT HIM!

LET ME GO, YOU FOOL!
LET ME DIE - OR
THEY'LL KILL ME!

HEY!
WHA--

I WON'T FAIL MR. DEATH!

OH-H! I'M
FALLING!



WHEW! IF THIS GIRDER HADN'T BEEN HERE, THEY'D BE SCRAPING ME UP WITH A SPOON!



AAHHE!

POOR DEVIL! HE KILLED HIMSELF AFTER ALL! HE WANTED TO DIE!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, DEACON?

SURE! -- BUT I WONDER WHY HE SAID THAT HE WOULD NOT FAIL MR. DEATH!



YOU DID YOUR BEST TO SAVE HIM, DEACON! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT THAT HE'S DEAD!

NO! BUT I'VE AN IDEA THAT THIS IS NO ORDINARY SUICIDE! I'LL BET IT WOULD HAVE AN INTERESTING STORY IF DEATH HADN'T WRITTEN THE FINAL CHAPTER!



BUT THE STORY IS BY NO MEANS ENDED-- LET US LOOK INTO AN UNDERGROUND CHAMBER NOT FAR FROM THE SCENE--

AH - I SEE EVERYONE IS PRESENT!

MR. DEATH!



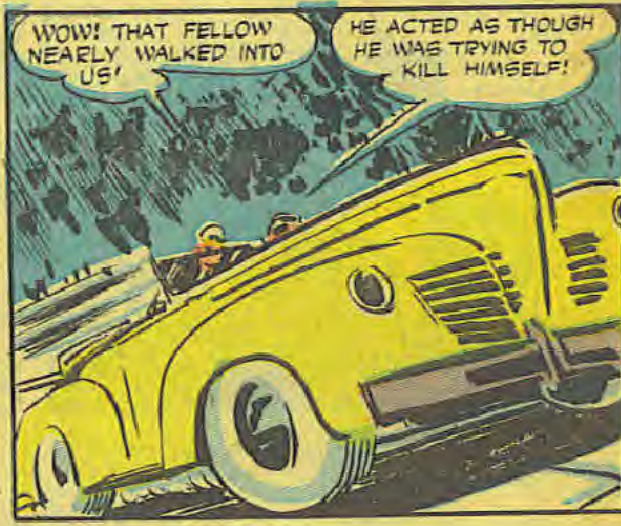
OUR LATE FRIEND, HARVEY WILSON, HAS KEPT HIS BARGAIN! HE KILLED HIMSELF BY JUMPING FROM A BRIDGE! -- AND NOW WE ARE READY FOR THE NEXT DRAWING!



THE RULE ARE UNCHANGED! THE MAN WHO DRAWS THE DEATH CARD MUST DIE BY HIS OWN HAND! YOU UNDERSTAND THE BARGAIN GENTLEMEN?

Y-YES-- LET'S BEGIN THE DRAWING!

DO YOUR PART FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT!







THEN AGAIN YOU MAY BE WRONG!

A GRIM BATTLE ENUES FOR POSSESSION OF THE GUN -- THEN, A SINGLE, SHAEP REPORT!



AGHRRRR!

BANG!



HE KILLED HIMSELF WITH HIS OWN GUN! WHAT'S THAT HE HAS-- CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND?



THE ACE OF SPADES! A STRANGE PROPHECY OF HIS OWN FATE! AND SO-- WITH A SUICIDE ENDS THE SUICIDE CLUB!



GO CALL THE POLICE, MICKEY! I'LL KEEP THESE MEN HERE AS WITNESSES!

RIGHT!



LATER, AFTER THE POLICE HAVE TAKEN CHARGE--

MR. DEATH FINANCED THE MEMBERS OF THE SUICIDE CLUB! IN RETURN THEY TOOK OUT HUGE INSURANCE POLICIES WITH MR. DEATH AS THE BENEFICIARY! WHAT MAKES MEN RISK THEIR LIVES LIKE THAT JUST FOR MONEY OR SUCCESS!



IT'S THE ETERNAL GAMBLE OF LIFE AGAINST FORTUNE, MICKEY, BUT FOR THE MAN TRAPPED IN THE SUICIDE CLUB IT WAS A GAMBLE THEY COULDN'T WIN!

ONLY DEATH WAS THE WINNER-- THAT IS-- UNTIL WE TOOK OVER, EH, DEACON!

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER BIZARRE MYSTERY THAT THE DEACON AND MICKEY WILL HAVE TO SOLVE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAT-MAN COMICS!

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY!!



LEATHERFACE!

CHAMPION OF THE DAMNED, MATCHING SWORDS AND WITS RECKLESSLY AGAINST THE OPPRESSORS OF UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS! COME WITH HIM ON A TURBULENT ADVENTURE BACK THROUGH THE MAD CHAOS OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY FRANCE....LIVE AGAIN THE FLAMING PART OF MEDIEVAL HISTORY WITH THIS BOLD SCALAWAG AS HE MEETS THE SADISTIC, MAD--

COUNT VULTIERE!!!

A SILLY OVERDRESSED POP OF THE KING'S COURT, WITH THE BLOOD OF THE ARISTOCRACY IN HIS VEINS-- SUCH IS ANDRE DELEBOEF-- BUT WHEN A HUMAN LIFE IS THREATENED WANTONLY, HE BECOMES---

LEATHERFACE!

YOU
COWARDLY DOG!



THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, YOU LEND YOUR MONEY!





THE LADY CATHERINE DU BELLAIRE-- SHE IS HERE!

AH-- GOOD!



HER PRESENCE HERE WILL CAUSE MUCH COMMENT...IT IS EXACTLY AS I PLANNED. SHE IS UNWITTINGLY BECOMING AN ALLY OF MINE!

YOU THINK OF EVERY THING, MY DEAR VULTURE!



A THOUSAND THANKS TO LE BON DIEU, FOR SOMEONE SO CHARMING TO GRACE MY POOR CASTLE!

COUNT VULTURE-- I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE I HAVE HEARD A STORY!



STORIES? ONE HEARS MANY STORIES IN A CITY SUCH AS PARIS! WHAT HAVE YOU HEARD?

--THAT YOU AND MY FATHER HAVE CONSPIRED TO BRING LEATHERFACE OUT IN THE OPEN BY TORTURING THE POOR OF PARIS!



MY DEAR LADY CATHERINE!! THIS IS ABSURD! I RESPECT YOUR FATHER, THE DUC DU BELLAIRE TOO MUCH EVEN TO THINK HE COULD HAVE SUCH THOUGHTS! AS FOR ME--

--AS FOR YOU, YOUR REPUTATION FOR CRUELTY DURING THE LAST WAR IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE, SO I WARN YOU, MONSIEUR--



AND OF WHAT DO YOU WARN ME, DEAR LADY?

LEATHERFACE IS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH! HE FIGHTS FOR RIGHT-- AND DECENCY--AND JUSTICE! GOOD-DAY, MONSIEUR!



AS CATHERINE STEPS OUTSIDE TO HER CARRIAGE, A CAPED FIGURE APPROACHES HER--

GOOD DAY, LADY CATHERINE-- I SEE YOU ARE A FRIEND OF COUNT VULTURE.

HE IS LIKE YOU--USELESS! COME, I'LL TAKE YOU BACK TO THE PALACE..FATHER IS WAITING!



QUICKLY! INTO THE CARRIAGE! THE COUNT IS WAITING!

FEE-EK!

DO YOUR PART FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT!

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE WINE CELLAR OF ANTON MANET, IN THE POOREST SECTION OF PARIS---

MY SON-- MY DAUGHTER! THEY'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED!!

KIDNAPPED? BY WHOM?



SUDDENLY, OUT OF THE DARKENED SHADOWS OF A CURTAINED ALCOVE, STANDS A FAMILIAR FIGURE--ASKING...

BY WHOM?



THEY WERE WHISKED AWAY IN A CARRIAGE BEARING THE CREST OF THE COUNT DE VULTIERE, ONLY AN HOUR AGO!

VULTIERE! SO---? I THINK I UNDERSTAND!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CASTLE OF THE COUNT--

SO! YOU REFUSE TO TELL ME WHO LEATHERFACE REALLY IS?

MON DIEU! WE DO NOT KNOW! NO ONE KNOWS!

WE SPEAK THE TRUTH! PLEASE, YOUR GRACE, DO NOT HARM US!



VERY WELL, PEASANT SWINE! I WILL LET YOU STRETCH HERE FOR ANOTHER HOUR! IF YOU DO NOT TELL ME THEN-- I HAVE PREPARED THE MOST GENIUS METHOD FOR YOU TWO TO DIE!

MERCY, YOUR GRACE! MERCY!



A HALF HOUR LATER, THE COUNT IS CONFERRING WITH CATHERINE'S FATHER, THE DUC DU BELLAIRE--

I AM CONFIDENT THAT WE CAN LURE LEATHERFACE OUT IN THE OPEN SOONER OR LATER-- WHERE HE CAN BE OUT-NUMBERED AND DESTROYED!

TRUE--BUT THIS METHOD OF TORTURING PEOPLE TO WHOM I HAVE NO GRIEVANCE IS NOT TO MY LIKING!



NOR TO MINE-- BUT WITH THE ACCURSED LEATHERFACE RUNNING AMUCK AND ROBBING WE ARISTOS TO FEED THE MISERABLE PEASANTRY-- WHAT OTHER CHOICE HAVE WE?

NONE!



CATMAN COMICS



THE
LADY
CATHERINE
IS HERE!

MY
DAUGHTER!
WHAT IS SHE
DOING HERE?

BRING
HER
IN!

CALM YOURSELF, MY DEAR DUC!
IS NOT YOUR DAUGHTER ONE OF
THE MOST RESPECTED AND LOVED
OF WOMEN BECAUSE OF HER KIND
DEEDS? HER PRESENCE HERE EX-
LUDES US FROM ALL GUILT AND
OUTRAGES ON THE PEASANTRY.
SHE WILL NEVER DENOUNCE
YOU--OR
ME!!

YOU'RE A MADMAN!



WHY DO YOU ALLY YOUR-
SELF WITH THIS MONSTER?
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT
HE'LL BRING GRIEF
AND DISGRACE UPON
THE HOUSE OF BELLAIRE?

SILENCE! GIRL!
THIS IS MEN'S
BUSINESS!

FOR MANY
MINUTES THE
LOVELY CATHE-
RINE TRIES
TO PERSUADE
HER STUBBORN
FATHER TO BREAK
HIS ALLIANCE
WITH
VULTIERE--
MEANWHILE...



SINCE YOU STILL REFUSE TO TALK,
YOUNG MAN, THE GIRL WILL
TELL ME WHO LEATHER-
FACE REALLY IS--AND
THERE ARE WAYS OF
MAKING PRETTY
GIRLS TALK...EH!

NO! NO! DON'T
TOUCH MY
SISTER!



YOU HEARD
THE BOY---
DO NOT TOUCH
THAT
GIRL!!

LEATHERFACE!
SO--AT LAST
WE MEET!!



BACK--BACK--ALL OF
YOU! AM I NOT ONE OF
THE BEST SWORDSMEN
IN FRANCE? I WILL TEACH
THIS MASKED DOG
A LESSON!

I AM
WAITING!



THIS SHALL NOT TAKE TOO LONG -- MASKED ONE!

WE SHALL SEE, MONSIEUR!



LEATHERFACED PIG!!

KILLING YOU, MY DEAR COUNT, SHALL BE A PLEASURE!!



I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT SWORD-PLAY IS, PEASANT!

I ADVISE YOU TO SAVE YOUR BREATH, DE VULTIERE! YOU WILL NEED IT!!



LEATHERFACE! HE AND THE COUNT ARE FIGHTING IN THE TORTURE CHAMBERS!

LEATHER-FACE!! THANK HEAVEN!



SOON YOU WILL FEEL THE BITE OF DE VULTIERE'S SWORD IN YOUR VITALS!

I DOUBT IT, ARISTO MADMAN!



YOU LIVED BY THE SWORD-- NOW DIE BY THE SWORD!!



LADY CATHERINE!

LEATHERFACE!

COUNT VULTIERE! HE'S DEAD!!

































The Golden Archer

in the days of Robin Hood

by
DON
RICO



THE GOLDEN ARCHER



ROBIN HOOD



DIANNE



THE SHERRIFF OF
NOTTINGHAM



SHERWOOD FOREST, IN TWELFTH CENTURY ENGLAND, RINGS AGAIN WITH THE CRIES OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS BAND OF MERRY OUTLAWS—WHO ROB THE RICH AND GIVE TO THE POOR! BUT THIS TIME THEY WELCOME INTO THEIR GROUP A NEW MEMBER, ADVENTURE-LOVING, SHARP-SHOOTING **GOLDEN ARCHER!**

SO STEP BACK WITH US INTO THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF HISTORY AND WITNESS A TALE NEVER BEFORE TOLD—

A TALE OF THE KITCHEN BOY WHO WAS DESTINED TO FIGHT SIDE BY SIDE WITH ROBIN HOOD, AND WHOSE NAME WAS DESTINED TO STRIKE TERROR TO ALL OPPRESSORS OF HUMANITY---

DO YOUR PART FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT!

AS NIGHT FALLS OVER THE GLOOMY CASTLE OF THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, A LONE, MISERABLE FIGURE STOOFS IN CONTEMPLATION---



I MUST RID ME OF MY MORTAL ENEMY, ROBIN HOOD--OR MY RULE OVER THIS COUNTY SHALL BE THREATENED SORELY--

HO! BOY!

BRING MY TANKARD OF ALE! QUICKLY! THOU KNAVE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, A WAY BLIGHT FIGURE OF A BOY, STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS---



MUST I WAIT ALL NIGHT FOR YOU TO SERVE ME, SURLY NO-GOOD!

PARDON, SIR! I HURRIED AS FAST AS I COULD!

WHEN THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM CALLS-- HASTEN, FOOL!



GET BACK TO THY HOVEL, AND MIND THOU JUMP TO IT WHEN I CALL THEE AGAIN! I'VE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND THIS NIGHT!!



DOWN INTO THE DINGY SERVANTS' QUARTERS IN THE MASSIVE CELLARS GOES THE BOY--



NED, MY BOY! WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

HE STUCK ME AGAIN, FATHER--

--AND THERE, SIR BEGGAR, IS PROOF OF WHAT I HAVE BEEN TELLING YOU! MY LORD THE SHERIFF IS SO ANGERED AT ROBIN HOOD THAT HE MISTREATS US MEANLY! THE TIME DRAWS CLOSER TOWARD A FIGHT TO THE DEATH BETWEEN THOSE TWO, AND I, FOR ONE, DO NOT CARE WHO WINS AS LONG AS THIS TROUBLE ENDS QUICKLY!



FATHER, YOU DON'T MEAN THAT! ROBIN HOOD IS A GOOD MAN! THIS TROUBLE IS NOT HIS DOING-- HE ONLY WANTS THE POOR TO OBTAIN JUSTICE!



AH! I SEE THY SON THINKS VERY KINDLY OF THE OUTLAW ROBIN HOOD--EH?

'TIS BUT THE RECKLESSNESS OF YOUTH! HE ADDRESSES THE SCOUNDREL!

'TIS TRUE!

I WISH I WERE OLD ENOUGH TO JOIN HIS BAND!



BURSTING WITH ADMIRATION FOR ROBIN HOOD NED, THE KITCHEN BOY, DONS HIS HOME-MADE ARCHERY COSTUME--

THERE! DO I NOT LOOK LIKE ONE OF ROBIN'S BAND OF MERRY OUTLAWS, BEGGAR-MAN?

INDEED! HE IS LUCKY, WHO ADMIRES ROBIN HOOD!

AT THAT MOMENT A SERVANT DASHES IN WITH STARTLING NEWS--

ROBIN HOOD! HE IS HERE-- ON THE CASTLE GROUNDS!!!

ROBIN HOOD??



PRITHEE GOSSIP! WHAT IS THIS TALE YOU BRING?

'TIS NO TALE! 'TIS TRUTH! A SPY BROUGHT MY LORD THE NEWS-- A SEARCH IS BEING MADE FOR THE BOLD OUTLAW! THE SHERIFF HIDES IN HIS ROOM-- BUT HE WANTS US TO HAVE COURAGE!



IN THE MEANTIME, A RING OF GUARDS IS THROWN 'ROUND THE CASTLE



THE COOK LEAVES TO SPREAD THE NEWS, AND NED'S FATHER PREPARES ALE FOR THE SHERIFF

ROBIN HOOD HERE! OH-- IF I COULD ONLY SEE HIM FOR A MOMENT!

THERE IS A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE! OFF WITH THY COSTUME AND TAKE THIS ALE.

TELL ME, MINE HOST, WOULDST SURRENDER ROBIN FOR THE REWARD!



NO! MY SON IS RIGHT! ROBIN HOOD IS A CHAMPION OF THE POOR-- I COULD NOT TURN HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF!

'TIS ALL I WANTED TO KNOW!



QUICKLY, THE BEGGAR TEARS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS TO REVEAL HIMSELF AS--

ROBIN HOOD!

AT THY SERVICE, MY FRIENDS!



ROBIN HOOD HIMSELF!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

I HAVE A PLAN WHEREBY
WE CAN MAKE MY LORD,
SIR SHERIFF, QUITE UPSET!
LISTEN WHILE I TELL YOU!

A FEW MINUTES
LATER, IN THE
SHERIFF'S ROOM---

THE OUTLAW HERE
IN MY VERY PALACE!
MY LIFE IS IN
DANGER!

YOUR ALE
M'LORD
SHERIFF!

---AND HIGH
TIME, TOO!
ENTER, THOU
KNAVE!



KNOCK!
KNOCK!
WHO-
WHO IS
THERE?



ZOUNDS!
IT'S
ROBIN
HOOD!
I'M
DOOMED!

AH! A GOOD DAY TO
THEE, MY BONNIE
LAD! I'VE COME
TO CLAIM THE
REWARD FOR
MY CAPTURE!

D-D-DON'T
COME CC-CLOSER!
I'LL K-K-KILL
YOU---

'TIS A
PITY
YOU'VE
BECOME
AFFLICTED
WITH STUTTERING!

METHINKS I'VE
A CURE FOR
THAT!

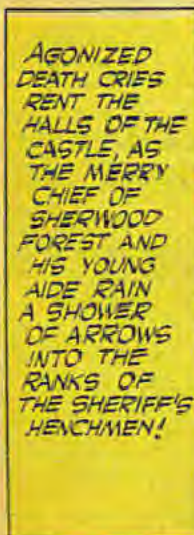


ROBIN WHIPS OUT AN ARROW, AND
FLINGS IT LIKE A DART!

DO YOU LIKE
MY CURE, SIR
SHERIFF!

TAKE THE
REWARD! TAKE
IT! -- ONLY
SPARE ME!
SPARE ME!





THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, YOU LEND YOUR MONEY!



BUT MORE MEN COME CHARGING TOWARD THE BATTLE ROYAL---

HURRY! THERE'S A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE!



AH, NED, MY LAD! I FEAR WE ARE UNDONE!

psst!

WHAT'S THAT?



ALAS, FAIR LADY! MUST WE FIGHT THEE TOO!

IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIVES ENTER QUICKLY!



I AM DIANNE, THE SHERIFF'S NEICE! I DESPISE HIS TREATMENT OF YOU, ROBIN HOOD, AND WISH TO HELP YOU ESCAPE!

I BOW TO THY GOOD TASTE, FAIR LADY--WHAT PROPOSETH THOU--??



A FEW MINUTES LATER THREE LOVELY GIRLS LEAVE DIANNE'S APARTMENT FOR A STROLL---

HAVE A CARE, LADIES! ROBIN HOOD IS ABOUT!



---OUTSIDE THE CASTLE---

AH! 'TIS GOOD TO BE RID OF THESE!

FAIR DIANNE, MANY THANKS FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART!



AND AS FOR YOU, MY LAD--I GIVE YOU THIS GOLDEN ARROW--I ONCE WON AS A PRIZE FOR MY ARCHERY! YOU HAVE WON IT FOR YOUR VALOR... AND FROM NOW ON YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS ROBIN HOOD'S AIDE--

THE GOLDEN ARCHER!

ooofft!
THANK YOU, SIR ROBIN!!



NOW WE'RE OFF TO JOIN THE REST OF MY MERRY BAND--FAREWELL!!

FAREWELL, BRAVE ROBIN AND GOLDEN ARCHER! DO NOT FORGET ME!

DON'T FAIL TO READ AND ENJOY THE NEXT THRILLING EPISODE OF THE

GOLDEN ARCHER

FOR THE BEST IN COMIC MAGAZINE STORIES, REMEMBER

CAT-MAN COMICS
TOPS THEM ALL!

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWS STAND--

The

HOOD

THIS IS A STORY OF
A MAN WHOSE FATE
IS THE MOST UNUSUAL
IN THE ANNALS OF
CRIME--

-- A MAN WHO
HAD THE LUCK OF
THE DEVIL... WHOSE
EVERY VENTURE WAS
CROWNED WITH THE
SUCCESS OF UNSPEAK-
ABLE EVIL! -- THE
HOOD BRAVES THE
DEEPEST PERIL OF
HIS DANGER-STUDDED
CAREER WHEN HE
ENCOUNTERS

"THE MAN WHO SOLD
HIS SOUL TO THE
DEVIL!"



DO YOUR PART FOR VICTORY ON THE HOME FRONT!

FORTUNES ARE LOST ON THE TURN OF THE WHEEL. SOMETIMES LIFE ITSELF MAY HANG IN THE BALANCE



NUMBER EIGHT--BLACK!

I SEEM TO HAVE PLENTY OF LUCK TONIGHT--ALL OF IT, BAD! THAT CLEANS ME OUT!



THAT WAS MY LAST CHANCE! I'M THROUGH--AND IT'S TIME I FACED THE FACT!



THE BOOTLEG RACKET IS GONE! I WAS HARVEY STONE, KING OF THE RACKET! BUT THOSE DAYS ARE GONE!...AND MY LUCK HAS RUN OUT! I'D SELL MY SOUL FOR A NEW START!



WOULD YOU? WOULD YOU REALLY?

I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?



I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU--FOR A LONG TIME, HARVEY STONE! DID YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAID ABOUT SELLING YOUR SOUL?

I DON'T IMAGINE A FAILURE'S SOUL IS WORTH MUCH THESE DAYS, THOUGH!

ON THE CONTRARY! I WOULD BE WILLING TO... ER... PURCHASE YOUR SOUL IN RETURN FOR--LET US SAY, TEN YEARS OF WHATEVER YOU WANTED--OR PERHAPS, YOU WERE ONLY JESTING?





THIS ISN'T A VERY GOOD JOKE, MY FRIEND! BUT THE ANSWER IS YES! I **WOULD** SELL MY SOUL FOR TEN YEARS OF LUCK--IF I COULD!



HARVEY STONE HAS HARDLY FINISHED SPEAKING, WHEN THE MAN IN THE BLACK CAPE PRODUCES A SHEET OF PARCHMENT AND A PEN--

SIGN HERE! THAT MAKES IT LEGAL! WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO, FIRST?

SAY--YOU REALLY DO FOLLOW THROUGH ON YOUR PRACTICAL JOKES!



HARVEY STONE SIGNS THE STRANGE PARCHMENT

THERE, NOW! I'D LIKE TO HAVE A MILLION DOLLARS. YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE IT IN YOUR WALLET, DO YOU?



THAT SEALS OUR BARGAIN--AND HERE IS MY CARD!

WHAT THE-- SAY! THIS IS REAL MONEY!



THE MONEY **LOOKS** REAL--AND THIS CARD-- WHY YOU'RE---



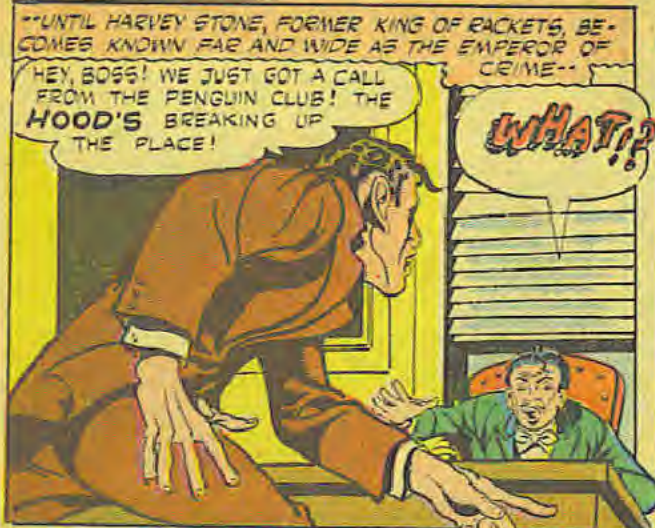
BUT THE NAME ON THE CARD IS NEVER SPOKEN--

HE'S GONE! I ALMOST BELIEVE HE WAS SATAN HIMSELF!



SO THE MONTHS AND YEARS PASS IN DIZZY SUCCESSION AND IN TRIUMPHS, UNTIL IT APPEARS THAT HARVEY STONE'S FABULOUS LUCK IS SO GREAT THAT NOTHING CAN HARM HIM!

BACK THE ATTACK! BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!





THEY GIVE THEIR LIVES, YOU LEND YOUR MONEY!



YOU WON'T GET ME!
NO... I WON'T KEEP
MY BARGAIN!



IN HIS TERROR, HARVEY STONE TURNS TO
HIS WORST ENEMY--THE ONLY MAN
WHO CAN AID HIM--

LISTEN! I'LL
SIGN A
CONFESSION!



WITH TREMBLING FIN-
GERS, STONE WRITES
A CONFESSION THAT FOREVER PUTS AN
END TO HIS EMPIRE OF CRIME--

MMMM YOU MUST REALLY BE
FRIGHTENED TO SIGN--

IT'S MY SOUL
AT STAKE! I'M
NOT FOOLING--THAT
MAN OUT
THERE IS--



BUT SUDDENLY THE
LIGHTS GO OUT--
A HIGH-FITCHED
UNEARTHLY SCREAM
RINGS THROUGH
THE DARKENED
ROOM--



AND WHEN THE HOOD TURNS ON
THE LIGHT--

HE'S DEAD! SEEMS TO HAVE DIED
OF HEART FAILURE! WHAT'S THAT
PAPER IN HIS HAND?



SLOWLY THE HOOD RELEASES
THE CLUTCHED FINGERS--

HE SOLD HIS SOUL
AND THE DEVIL COLLECTED

*I Harvey
Stone, agree
to sell
my soul
for ten years
of luck!*



LATER, AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT,
MATOR WOOD (WHO REALLY IS THE
HOOD) IS DINING WITH HIS FANCEE,
RAE HERMAN--

I FEEL GAY TONIGHT!
HA-HA! LET'S DRINK
TO THE DEVIL!

I WON'T
DRINK TO
THAT, RAE!
AND DON'T EVER
SPEAK THAT
NAME IN JEST!



THERE ARE STRANGER
THINGS IN HEAVEN AND
EARTH THAN ANY OF US
KNOW--LET'S NOT JEST OF
THINGS WE DON'T UNDER-
STAND!



